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FANTINE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY "BRET," THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.

PROLOGUE.

As long as there shall exist three paradoxes: a moral Frenchman, a religious Atheist and a believing skeptic—so long, in fact, as booksellers shall work, say twenty-five years, for a new gospel; so long as paper shall remain cheap and ink three sous a bottle, I have no hesitation in saying that such books as these are not utterly profitless.

VICTOR HUGO.

I.

To be good is to be queer. What is a good man? Bishop Myriel.

My friend, you will possibly object to this. You will say you know what a good man is. Perhaps you you will say your clergyman is a good man, for instance.

Bah! you are mistaken; you are an Englishman, and an Englishman is a beast.

Englishmen think they are moral when they are only serious. These Englishmen also wear ill-shaped hats and dress horribly.

Bah! they are *canaille*.

Still, Bishop Myriel was a good man—quite as good as you. Better than you, in fact.

One day M. Myriel was in Paris. This angel used to walk about the streets like any other man. He was not proud, though fine-looking.

Well, three *gamins de Paris* called him bad names. Says one:

"Ah, mon Dieu! there goes a priest; look out for your eggs and chickens!"

What did this good man do? He called to them kindly:

"My children," said he, "this is clearly not your fault. I recognize in this insult and irreverence only the fault of your immediate progenitors. Let us pray for your immediate progenitors."

They knelt down and prayed for their immediate progenitors.

The effect was touching.

The Bishop looked calmly around:

"On reflection," said he, gravely, "I was mistaken; this is clearly the fault of society. Let us pray for society."

They knelt down and prayed for society.

The effect was sublimer yet. What do you think of that? You, I mean.

Everybody remembers the story of the Bishop and Mother Nez Retroussé. Old Mother Nez Retroussé sold asparagus. She was poor. There's a great deal of meaning in that word—pauvre.

Some people say "poor but honest." I say Bah!

Bishop Myriel bought six bunches of asparagus. This good man had one charming failing—he was fond of asparagus. He gave her a sou and received three sous change.

The sous were bad—counterfeit. What did this good Bishop do? He said:

"I should not have taken change from a poor woman."

Then, afterward, to his housekeeper:

"Never take change from a poor woman."

Then he added to himself:

"For the sous will probably be bad."

II.

When a man commits a crime society claps him in prison.

A prison is one of the worst hotels imaginable. The people there are low and vulgar. The butter is bad, the coffee is green. Ah, it is horrible!

In prison, as in a bad hotel, a man soon loses, not only his morals, but what is much worse to a Frenchman, his sense of refinement and delicacy.

Jean Valjean came from prison with confused notions of society. He forgot the modern peculiarities of hospitality. So he walked off with the Bishop's candlesticks.

Let us consider: candlesticks were stolen; that is evident.

Society put Jean Valjean in prison; that was evident, too.

In prison, Society took away his refinement; that is evident, likewise.

Who is Society?

You and I are Society.

My friend, you and I stole those candlesticks!

III.

The Bishop thought so, too. He meditated profoundly for six days. On the morning of the seventh he went to the Prefecture of Police.

He said: "Monsieur, have me arrested. I have stolen candlesticks."

The official was governed by the law of Society, and refused.

What did this Bishop do?

He had a charming ball and chain made, affixed to his leg, and wore it the rest of his life.

This is a fact!

IV.

Love is a mystery.

A little friend of mine down in the country, at Auvergne, said to me one day:

"Victor, Love is the World—it contains everything."

She was only sixteen, this sharp-witted little girl, and a beautiful blonde. She thought everything of me.

Fantine was one of those women who do wrong in the most virtuous and touching manner. This is a peculiarity of French grisettes.

You are an Englishman, and you don't understand.

Learn, my friend, learn. Come to Paris and improve your morals.

Fantine was the soul of modesty. She always wore high-necked dresses. High-necked dresses are a sign of modesty.

Fantine loved Thomolyes. Why? My God! What are you to do? It was the fault of her parents, and she hadn't any.

How shall you teach her?

You must teach the parent if you wish to educate the child.

How would you become virtuous?

Teach your grandmother!

V.

When Tholomyes ran away from Fantine—which was done in a charming, gentlemanly manner—Fantine became convinced that a rigid sense of propriety might look upon her conduct as immoral. She was a creature of sensitiveness—and her eyes were opened.

She was virtuous still, and resolved to break off the *liaison* at once.

So she put up her wardrobe and baby in a bundle. Child as she was, she loved them both.

Then left Paris.

VI.

Fantine's native place had changed.

M. Madeline—an angel, an inventor of fine work—had been teaching the village how to make spurious jet!

This a progressive age. Those Americans—children of the West—they make nutmegs out of wood.

I, myself, have seen hams made of pine in the wigwams of those children of the forest.

But civilization has acquired deception too. Society is made up of deception. Even the best French society.

Still there was one sincere episode.

Eh?

The French Revolution!

VII.

M. Madeline was, if anything, better than Myriel.

M. Myriel was a saint. M. Madeline a good man.

M. Myriel was dead. M. Madeline was living.

That made all the difference.

M. Madeline made virtue profitable. I have seen it written:

"Be virtuous and you will be happy."

Where did I see this written? In the modern Bible? No. In the Koran? No. In Rousseau? No. Diderot? No

Where then?

In a copy book.

VIII.

M. Madeline was M. le Mayor.

This is how it came about.

For a long time he refused the honor. One day, an old woman, standing on the steps, said:

"Bah, a good mayor is a good thing."

You are a good thing.

Be a good mayor.

This woman was a rhetorician. She understood inductive ratiocination.

IX.

When this good M. Madeline, whom the reader will perceive must have been a former convict, and a very bad man—gave himself up to justice as the real Jean Valjean; about this same time, Fantine was turned away from the manufactory, and met with a number of losses from society.

Society attacked her, and this is what she lost:

First her lover.

Then her child.

Then her place.

Then her hair.

Then her teeth.

Then her beauty.

Then her life.

What do you think of society after that? I tell you the present social system is a humbug.

X.

This is necessarily the end of Fantine.

There are other things that will be stated in their voluminous follow.

Don't be alarmed: there are plenty of miserable people left.

Au revoir, my friend.

(From the London Saturday Review.)

THE LITERATURE AND CURIOSITIES OF DREAMS.*

It might truly be said that there is a volume of unwritten poetry in the word "dream," or whatever is the equivalent word to "dream" in any civilised language. Few chords of thought are more responsive, fuller or wider in their associations, or more unique in their mysterious interest, than those which are struck whenever that syllable is spoken. Every human being, with perhaps rare exceptions, possesses either the habit or the faculty of dreaming, and at least partially remembering dreams. Probably nearly every body has his own shade of what may be called either superstition or impressibility as to the value or possible significance of the visions which are borne in upon his sleeping hours. Whatever be the cause of dreams, and whether they be in each particular case connected with pleasant or unpleasant sensations, few persons can be absolutely indifferent to their possession of the power of dreaming.

A well-digested volume upon the literature and curiosities of dreams might accordingly be expected to be interesting even to fascination. Mr. Seafield has compiled, with considerable labor and taste, what is intended to be, and in a certain sense is, an exhaustive handbook upon the subject. Every plausible theory of the import or origin of dreams that has been broached or argued by an educated writer seems to find its place in his pages. The most commonly known dream-stories, and a great many more that have been less widely circulated, are detailed with an obvious desire to maintain the strictest fidelity of narration. Mr. Seafield's own suggestions upon the nature of dreams are sensible and straightforward; and his appreciation of the historical science of dream-interpretation appears to be that of a truthful and well-informed critic. Yet his book, although full of literary curiosities, and perhaps rightly to be termed a literary curiosity in itself, is not as fascinating as might have been hoped for. A volume has indeed been written on the theme of dreams, but it is a volume of prose, not of poetry.

Perhaps it is the fact that the main beauty of dreams lies in that very subtlety of association which cannot bear the hard touch of strict analysis. Even in waking life, there are times and seasons when it becomes wearisome to attend exclusively to the operations of what is termed a well-regulated mind, conducted so methodically and logically that a bystander personally familiar with its character can almost anticipate them. Useful as the habit of following out a single track of thought with rigid self-concentration undoubtedly is, the opposite tendency of discursiveness is not without a compensating charm. The trains of meditation which lead us away with the most irresistible captivation are not those in which some one step is, so to speak, an unexpected and blind plunge into an entirely different element from that in which we were circulating a moment before. It is the succession of swift leaps forward from one isolated point of thought to another, without turning or caring to see whether the way back is to be found easily or at all, that makes the pleasure of reverie; and reverie is the state of dreaming awake. As long as you float with the stream of ideas, the motion is easy and soothing enough. Turn against the stream—ask yourself how you came where you are, and whither you are going—and the stream and its banks alike vanish, and leave you high and dry, in the position which the drill-sergeant entitles "as you was before you were as you are." To follow back the clue of a dream is a not more exciting, and perhaps a not much more profitable, task than the unraveling of a rope of sand, or tracing on the map of the heavens the path of a shooting-star. Yet to show the methods by which the clue of a dream can be more or less rationally followed back must, after all, be a main part of the serious business of a book like Mr. Seafield's.

What are the causes that shape our dreams, if they are not altogether the offspring of chance and inconsequence? The most determined belief in their meaning, as the medium of warning or tidings from another sphere of existence, will hardly suffice to cut the knot of this question by the simple answer that dreams are sent from Jove in the specific shape which they assume; for even the largest faith rarely regards all dreams alike as either directly prophetic or figurative. Why does a dream (except for purposes of second-sight) take one direction rather than another? Mr. Seafield defines the influences which modify their course as, "firstly, the present bodily sensations, and especially the internal state of the physical system; and, secondly, the previous waking thoughts, dispositions, and prevalent states of mind." The vague impressions made upon the partially aroused senses of the sleeper give the hint of some idea or class of ideas associated with similar impressions in the experience of active life or waking imagination. A hard bed, an unlucky posture, an ill-digested supper, a sudden discordant noise, and so forth, are frequently responsible for the presentation of imaginary scenes in which the sleeper is taking part—scenes of such a character as would involve or account for the sensations which, in fact, are the sole phenomena by which his consciousness is at the time affected. From the first day of its entrance into this life, the mind of every man has occupied more or less strenuously all its waking hours in associating impressions with their apparent causes, and registering such associations in the memory. It is not unnatural that, in a state of partial consciousness, mistakes should be made between the accidental or occasional and the necessary or constant connections of phenomena. A dreamer appears to be generally incapable of appreciating the incoherence of the explanations which his faintly touched memory suggests for the feelings of the moment. Even when he is so far awake as to be actually aware (as sometimes happens) that a particular interpretation of his dream is in contradiction to some fact

* The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams. By Frank Seafield. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1865.

which experience has taught him to be true, his logical activity is only strong enough to puzzle, not to undeceive him; but, as a rule, he has, as Mr. Seafield states, "no consciousness of incoherence or incongruity. In sleep we get out of the laws of time and space; and, being in chaos, we find nothing chaotic." It is the vividness of each successive conception, not the accuracy or versimilitude with which they are dovetailed into sequence, that measures the reality of dreams. In fact, as far as it arises out of physical causes, every dream is but a misconstruction of sensations only rendered possible by the temporary absence of that common sense which governs our waking processes of reason.

The very inconsequance of dreams might perhaps afford a sufficient, if not the sole, explanation of the religious feeling which from the earliest ages has attached to them. In proportion to the distance of their imaginary pictures from the ordinary possibilities of every-day life, they may naturally have seemed to point forcibly to a supernatural origin. Had it been a matter of ordinary occurrence in Egypt that seven lean kine should devour seven fat kine and yet be none the better-favored, Joseph would never have been called in to interpret Pharaoh's dream. It is more difficult to trace in one's own dreams any general or close connection with previous waking thoughts or prevalent mental habits. We should be inclined to say that, except under circumstances of special anxiety or continued mental strain, the dreaming soul rather delights in forgetting, as absolutely as it can, the immediately preceding processes and businesses with which it has been engaged, and in drawing the material for its fanciful combinations from the furthest recesses of memory. It is, we suspect, by no means so common as is sometimes supposed to dream of anything about which one can remember, on waking afterwards, to have been thinking just before falling asleep, unless the nerves have been excited by long and involuntary dwelling of the mind upon a painful or anxious topic. Nor is it probable that many persons keep a sufficiently comprehensive and accurate record of their dreams to be able to say how far they reflect any formed mental habit. That watch over waking thoughts and tendencies which a responsible being is bound to maintain is a matter in which it is equally possible to err on the side of carelessness or on that of overstrained introspectivity. Those who overlook their own idiosyncrasies while awake are not likely to recognize the same tendencies, as beseting their sleeping selves; while, on the other hand, any morbid hypercritical particularity in waking self-examination is almost certain to discover baseless analogies of character in the personal conduct of the dreamer. As in the other portions of the visionary phenomena, so in the representation of one's own personal acts, that which strikes one most forcibly is that which is most unexpected, as contradicting or going beyond previous experience. To behave in circumstances of a familiar kind as one is used to behave in the broad light of day, produces no memorable impression. But to recognise one's dreaming self as acting in opposition to one's waking principles or proclivities, is a not unfrequent and a vivid sensation. And if one's dreams at different times run upon a class of scenes with which one has had no previous contact in life, (such, for instance, as battles or shipwrecks to peaceful inlanders,) it is found that one's demeanor in the several dreams varies to any extent, and without any appreciable reason. Nor are the acts of the personages who appear in dreams at all more necessarily in conformity with their authentic character than those of the dreamer. We are scarcely, for the moment, surprised or indignant at seeing our most respected friends commit acts of such wickedness or inhumanity in our dreams as would at once excite our utmost grief and horror in a waking state. We appear to have leaped out of moral as well as physical laws, and being (to carry Mr. Seafield's phrase a little further) in a moral chaos, we find nothing chaotic. It is perhaps the case that habitual over-indulgence in a particular train of reverie while awake may tend to lead the half-conscious imagination in a similar direction in dreams. But we believe that this is exactly the class of phantasms which makes the weakest impressions on the memory; and we find it difficult to agree with Mr. Seafield's ideas of the value of remembered dreams as a reliable criterion of the sound morality of the dreamer. His axiom, *in somnio veritas*, seems to us more epigrammatic than true. In dreams, he thinks, each man's character is disintegrated, so that he may see the elements of which it is composed. We should rather say that a dream disintegrates the entire character of humanity, and eliminates the self-governing sense altogether; that every dreamer may innocently find himself performing in imagination any folly, any wickedness, any act of genius, benevolence, magnificence or meanness, which can enter into the mind of any man to conceive or execute.

From what Mr. Seafield terms "fluttering about the ethics of dreams" the book passes to the history of various methods or codes of dream-interpretation, and the collection of remarkable dream-stories. The science of Oneiro-criticism, as it is styled by professors in that department of learning, appears to have always been no less vague in its principles than anomalous in its results. Mr. Seafield's chapters give no more hint of a key to any process by which the supposed significance of particular objects seen in sleep is to be ascertained, than is to be found in the dream-books of lucky numbers for backing in a Roman lottery. There is a certain grim humor in a broad axiom laid down by a Musulman dream-expounder of the second century after Mahomet, Gabdorrachman:—"Under all circumstances, and on every occasion, few dreams can be more fortunate than that in which a man sees the tongue of his wife amputated at the root." But a long list of interpretations of similar dream phenomena, for which no analogous basis to that of a common marital grievance can be found by the reader, soon becomes tedious. Why should "the more signs of blows and bruises which an ass exhibits" be "the better for the dreamer"? or why should the killing of an ass in order to eat its flesh be an omen of treasure-trove?

The interest of learning that a certain portion of the human race once believed, or was required to believe, in such nonsense is infinitesimally small, unless, along with the fact, some glimmer of light is thrown upon the tendencies or habits which induced such a belief. Where, however, an obvious moral is pointed in the manner of telling the story, as in the following instance, it is possible to draw instruction and amusement even out of a visionary set of teeth, which the Mahometan oneiro-critic identifies with the family of the dreamer.

The Khalif Almansor dreamed that his complete set fell out from his jaws. The first interpreter whom he consulted informed him that all his relations would die. The Commander of the Faithful was angry, and dismissed the melancholy seer with abundance of hard words. "God has given you an evil mouth, and put into it evil words. Quit my presence, and take the curse of God for your company." A second oneiro-critic modified the unpleasant answer so as to assure the Khalif that he should outlive all his connections. Almansor smiled graciously at the announcement, and ordered the agreeable prophet 10,000 drachms of gold. So much is there in the right and the wrong way of putting things.

If the compilation of a history of the laws of dream-exposition is to be considered a matter of profound importance, we should be disposed to quarrel with Mr. Seafield's dictionary of interpretations by "Artemidorus and others," for not specifying more particularly the authority from whom each instance is taken. It can scarcely be one of the school or time of Artemidorus, an Ephesian of the second century of the Christian era, who congratulates any clergyman on dreaming that he has much glebeland attached to his house, because it signifies that he shall obtain a good benefice. Nor is it likely that Artemidorus assigned to the dream of being at the bottom of a coal-pit the signification of marrying a widow. Mr. Seafield speaks of the *Oneirocritica* of Artemidorus as still "the great dream-bible" or "statute-book of the dream-world." If so, it would really be as well to draw a more positive line between the authentic dogmas of the primitive dream-church and the modern interpolations of more sophisticated and possibly heretical commentators. Ingenuous readers have a right to know upon whose wisdom they are relying for the understanding of their dreams. In default of such knowledge we may be driven, with "the sceptical Bayle," into the miserable condition of believing that "there is not one dream explained in any particular manner by Artemidorus which will not admit of a very different explication, that shall have as great show of reasonableness and probability as that furnished by him." Which (Mr. Seafield says, and we agree with him) is conceivable.

(From the *N. Y. Tribune.*)

A WEDDING SONNET.

TO T. B. A.

Sad Autumn, drop thy weedy crown forlorn,
Put off thy cloak of cloud, thy scarf of mist,
And dress in gauzy gold and amethyst
A day benign, of sunniest influence born,
As may befit a Poet's marriage-morn!
Give bids another dream, another tryst
To loving hearts, and print on lips unkissed
Betrothal-kisses, laughing Spring to scorn!
Yet, if unfriendly thou, with sullen skies,
Bleak rains, or moaning winds, dost menace wrong,
Here art thou foiled: a bridal sun shall rise,
And bridal emblems unto these belong:
Round her, the sunshine of her beauty lies,
And breathes round him the springtime of his song!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

(*From the Atlantic Monthly for December.*)

KING JAMES THE FIRST.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

A merry monarch two years and four months old.

If we could have stood by when the world was a making—could have sniffed the escaping gases, as they volatilized through the air—could have seen and heard the swash of the waves, when the whole world was, so to speak, in hot water—could have watched the fiery tumult gradually soothing itself into shapely, stately palms and ferns, cold-blooded Pterodactyles, and gigantic, but gentle Megatheriums, till it was refined, at length, into sunshine and lilies and Robin Redbreasts—we we fancy we should have been intensely interested. But a human soul is a more mysterious thing than this round world. Its principles firmer than the hills, its passions more tumultuous than the sea, its purity resplendent as the light, its power too swift and subtile for human analysis—what wonder in heaven above or earth beneath can rival this mystic, mighty mechanism? Yet it is formed almost under our eyes. The voice of God, "Let there be light," we do not hear; the stir of matter thrilled into mind we do not see; but the after-march goes on before our gaze. We have only to look, and, lo! the mountains are slowly rising, the valleys scoop their levels, the sea heaves against its barriers, and the chaotic soul evolves itself from its nebulous, quivering light, from its plastic softness, into a world of repose, of use, of symmetry, and stability. This mysterious soul, when it first passed within our vision, was only not hidden within its mass of fleshly life, a seed of spirituality deep-sunk in a pulp of earthliness. Passing away from us in ripened perfection, we behold a being but little lower than the angels, heir of God and joint heir with Christ, crowned with glory, and honor, and immortality.

Come up, then, Jamie, my King, into the presence of the great congregation! There are poets here, and philosophers, wise men of the East, who can speak of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes. But fear them not, little Jamie! you are of more value, even to science, than many fishes. Wise as these Magi are, yesterday they were such as you, and such they must become again or ever they shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Come up, little Jamie, into the hall of audience! Blue eyes and broad brow, sunny curls, red lips, and dainty, sharp teeth, stout little arm, strong little hand, sturdy little figure, and most still and steadfast gaze: truly it is the face and form of a king—sweetness in power, unconsciousness in royalty.

"Jamie, you are a little beauty! You are too handsome to live!"

"No!" says Jamie, vehemently, for the fiftieth time, stamping the royal foot and scowling the royal brows. "Gamma say *not* too ha'some!"

"But you are a young Apollo."

"No, my 'Pollo!"

"What are you, then?"

"I goo e baw," which is Jametic for good little boy.

This microcosm, like the macrocosm, may be divided into many departments. As the world is viewed geographically, geologically, historically, astronomically, so in this one little Jamie we have many Jamies. There is the Jamie philological, Jamie theological, Jamie psychological, Jamie emotional, Jamie social; in fact, I can hardly think of any natural, moral, or mathematical science, on which a careful study of Jamie will not throw some light. Would you frame a theory of metaphysics? Consult Reid, and Locke, and Hamilton warily, for they are men, subject to like mistakes as we are; but observe Jamie with the utmost confidence and the closest care, for he is the book of God, and will teach only truth, if your eye is single to perceive truth. Theologically, Jamie has points superior to both Andover and Princeton; he is never in danger of teaching for doctrine the commandments of men; nor have passion and prejudice in him any power to conceal, but on the contrary, they illuminate truth. For the laws of language, mark how the noble tree of human speech springs in his soul from mustard seed into fair and fruitful symmetry. In good sooth, one marvels that there should be so much error in the world with children born and growing up all over it. If Jamie were, like Jean Paul, the Only, I should expect philosophers to journey from remotest regions to sit at his feet and learn the ways of God to man. Every one who presumed to teach his fellows should be called upon to produce his diploma as a graduate of Jamie, or forfeit all confidence in his sagacity. But, with a baby in every other house, how is it that we continually fall out by the way? It must be that children are not advantageously used. We pet them, and drug them, and spoil them; we trick them out in silks and fine array; we cross, and thwart, and irritate them; we lay unholy hands upon them, but are seldom content to stand aside and see the salvation of the Lord.

Tug, tug, tug, one little foot wearisomely ranging itself beside the other, and two hands helping both: that is Jamie coming up-stairs. Patter, patter, patter: that is Jamie trotting through the entry. He never walks. Rattle, clatter, shake: Jamie is opening the door. Now he marches in. Flushed with exertion, and exultant over his brilliant escapade from the odious surveillance below, he presents himself peering on tiptoe just over the arm of the big chair, and announces his errand—

"Come t' see Baddy."

"Baddy does n't want you."

"Baddy *do*."

Then, in no wise daunted by his cool welcome, he works his way up into the big chair with much and indiscriminate pulling: if it is a sleeve, if it is a curtain, if it is a table-cloth whereon repose many pens, much ink and paper, and knick-knacks without number, nothing heeds he, but clutches desperately at anything which will help him mount, and so he comes grunting in, all tumbled and twisted, crowds down beside me, and screws himself round to face the table, poking his knees and feet into me with serene unconcern. Then, with a pleased smile lighting up his whole face, he devotes himself to literature. A small brass-lined cavity in the frame of the writing-desk serves him for an inkstand. Into that he dips an old, worn-out pen with consequential air, and assiduously traces nothing on bits of paper. Of course I am reduced to a masterly inactivity, with him wriggling against my right arm, let alone the danger hanging over all my goods and chattels from this lawless little Vandal prowling among them. Shall I send him away? Yes, if I am an insensate clod, clean given over to stupidity and selfishness; if I count substance nothing, and shadow all things; if I am content to dwell with frivolities forever, and have for eternal mysteries nothing but neglect. For suppose I break in upon his short-lived delight, thrust him out grieved and disappointed, with his brave brow clouded, a mist in his blue eyes, and—that heart-rending sight—his dear little under lip and chin all quivering and puckering. Well, I go back and write an epic poem. The printers mangle it; the critics fall foul of it; it is lost in going through the post-office; it brings me ten letters, asking an autograph, on six of which I have to pay postage. There is vanity and vexation of spirit, besides eighteen cents out of pocket, and the children crying for bread. I let him stay. A little, innocent life, fearfully dependent on others for light, shines out with joyful radiance, wherein I rejoice. To-morrow he will have the measles, and the mumps, and the croup, and the whooping-cough, and scarlatina; and then come the alphabet, and Latin grammar, and politics, and his own boys getting into trouble: but to-day, when his happiness is in my hands, I may secure it, and never can any one wrest from him the sunshine I may pour into his happy little heart. Oh! the time comes so soon, and comes so often, that Love can only look with bitter sorrow upon the sorrow which it has no power to mitigate?

Language is unceremoniously resolved into its original elements by Jamie. He is constitutionally opposed to inflection, which, as he must be devoid of prejudice, may be considered indisputable proof of the native superiority of the English to other languages. He is careful to include in his sentences all the important words, but he has small respect for particles, and the disposition of his words waits entirely upon his moods. *My* usually does duty for *I*. "Want that Uncle Frank gave me hossey," with a finger pointing to the mantel-piece, is just as flexible to his use as "Want the hossey that Uncle Frank gave me." "Where Baddy *can* be?" he murmurs softly to himself, while peering behind doors and sofas in playing hide-and-seek. Hens are cud-dah, a flagrant example of Onomatopœia. The cradle is a cay-go; corn-balls are ball-corn; and snow-bird, bird-snow; and all his rosy nails are toe-nails. He has been drilled into meet response to "how d'ye do?" but demonstrates the mechanical character of his reply by responding to any question that has the *you* and *how* sounds in it, as, "What do you think of that?" "How did you do it?" "How came you by this?" "Pit-*tee* well."

But his performances are not all mechanical. He has a stock of poetry and orations, of which he delivers himself at bedtime with a degree of resignation—that being the only

hour in which he can be reduced to sufficient quietude for recitation; nor is that because he loves quiet more, but bed less. It is a very grievous misfortune, an unreasonable and arbitrary requisition, that breaks in upon his busy life, interrupts him in the midst of driving to mill an inverted chair, hauling wood in a ditto footstool, and other important matters, and sweeps him off to darkness and silence. So, with night-gown, and the odious bed imminent, he puts off the evil day by compounding with the authorities and giving a public entertainment, in consideration of a quarter of an hour's delay. He takes large liberties with the text of his poems, but his rhetorical variations are of a nature that shows it is no vain repetition, but that he enters into the spirit of the poem. In one of his songs a person

"Asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
That sung in the apple-tree over the way,"

what it was he was singing.

Don't you know? he replied, you cannot guess wrong;
Don't you know I am singing my cold-water song?"

This Jamie intensifies thus:—

"Do' know my sing my co'-wotta song, hm?"

When he reaches the place where

"Jack fell down
Boke cown,"

he invariably leaves Gill to take care of herself, and closes with the pathetic moral reflection, "'At *too* bad!" Little Jack Horner having put in his thumb and picked out a plum, is made to declare, definitely and redundantly:

"My *pa-ats* big boy, jus' so big!"

He persists in praying—

"'F I should die 'fore I wake up."

Borne off to bed at last in spite of every pretext for delay, tired Nature droops in his curling lashes, and gaps protractedly through his wide-dividing lips.

"I seepy," he cries, fighting off sleep with the bravery of a Major-General—observing phenomena, *in articulo somni*, with the accuracy and enthusiasm of a naturalist, and reasoning from them with the skill of a born logician.

A second prolonged and hearty gape, and

"I two seepies," he cries, adding mathematics to his other accomplishments.

And that is the last of Jamie, till the early morning brings him trudging up-stairs, all curled and shining, to "hear Baddy say 'Boo!'"

Total depravity, in Jamie's presence, is a doctrine hard to be understood. Honestly speaking, he does not appear to have any more depravity than is good for him—just enough to make him piquant, to give him a relish. He is healthy and hearty all day long. He eats no luncheon and takes no nap, is desperately hungry thrice a day and sleeps all night, going to bed at dark after a solitary stale supper of bread and butter, more especially bread; and he is good and happy. Laying aside the revelations of the Bible and of Doctors of Divinity, I should say that his nature is honest, simple, healthful, pure and good. He shows no love for wrong, no inclination towards evil rather than good. He is affectionate, just, generous, and truthful. He just lives on his sincere, loving, fun-loving, playful, yet earnest life, from day to day, a pure and perfect example, to my eye, of what God meant children to be. I cannot see how he should be very different from what he is, even if he were in heaven, or if Adam had never sinned. There is so fearful an amount of, and so decided a bent towards, wickedness in the world, that it seems as if nothing less than an inborn aptitude for wickedness can account for it; yet, in spite of all theories and probabilities, here is Jamie, right under my own eye, developing a far stronger tendency to love, kindness, sympathy, and all the innocent and benevolent qualities, than to their opposites. The wrong that he does do seems to be more from fun and frolic, from sheer exuberance of animal spirits and intensity of devotion to mirth than anything else. He seems to be utterly devoid of malice, cruelty, revenge, or any evil motive. Even selfishness, which I take to be the fruitful mother of evil, is held in obeyance, is subordinate to other and nobler qualities. Candy is dearer to him than he knows how to express; yet he scrupulously lays a piece on the mantel for an absent friend; and though he has it in full view, and climbs up to it, and in the extremity of his longing has been known, I think, to chip off the least little bit with his sharp mouse-teeth, yet he endures to the end and delivers up the candy with an eagerness hardly surpassed by that with which he originally received it. Can self-denial go farther?

It seems to me that the reason of Jamie's gentleness and cheerfulness and goodness is, that he is comfortable and happy. The animal is in fine condition, and the spirit is therefore well served; consequently, both go on together with little friction. And I cannot but suspect that a great deal of human depravity comes from human misery. The destruction of the poor is his poverty. Little sickly, fretful, crying babies, heirs of worn nerves, fierce tempers, sad hearts, sordid tastes, half-tended or over-tended, fed on poison by the hand of love, nay, sucking poison from the breasts of love, trained to insubordination, abused by kindness, abused by cruelty—that is the human nature from which largely we generalize, and no wonder the inference is total depravity. But human nature, distorted, defiled, degraded by centuries of misdealing, is scarcely human *nature*. Let us discover it before we define it. Let us remove accretions of long-standing moral and physical disease, before we pronounce sentence against the human *nature*. If it ever becomes an established and universally recognized principle, as fixed and unquestionable as the right and wrong of theft and murder, that it is a sin against God, a crime against the State, an outrage upon the helpless victim of their ignorance or wickedness, for an unhealthy man or woman to become the parent of a child, I think our creeds would presently undergo modification. Disease seems to me a more fertile source of evil than depravity; at least it is a more tangible source. We must have a race of healthy children, before we know what are the true characteristics of the human race. A child suffering from scrofula gives but a feeble, even a false representation of the grace, beauty, and sweetness of childhood. Pain, sickness, lassitude, deformity, a suffering life, a lingering death, are among the woful fruits of this dire disease, and it is acknowledged to be hereditary. Is not, then, every person afflicted with any hereditary disease debarred as by a fiat of the Almighty from becoming a parent? Every principle of honor forbids it. The popular stolidity and blindness on these subjects are astonishing. A young woman whose sisters have all died of consumption, and who herself exhibits unmistakable consumptive tendencies, is married, lives to bear three children in quick succession, and dies of consumption. Her friends mourn her and the sad separation from her bereaved little ones, but console themselves with the reflection that these little ones have prolonged her life. But for her marriage, she would have died years before. Of the three children born of this remedial marriage, two die in early girlhood of consumption. One left, a puny infant, languishes into a puny maturity. Even as a remedy, what is this worth? To die in her youth, to leave her suffering body in the dust, and go quickly to God, with no responsibility beyond herself, or to pine through six years, enduring thrice, besides all her inherited debility, the pain and peril, the weariness and terror of child-bearing, to be at last torn violently and prematurely away from these beloved little ones—which is the disease, and which the remedy? And when we look farther on at the helpless little innocents, doomed to be the recipients of disease, early deprived of a mother's care, for which there is no substitute, dragging a load of weakness and pain, and forced down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death before years shall have blunted the point of its terrors, or religion robbed them of their sting—it is only not atrocious because so unwittingly wrought.

And bodily health is only one of the possessions which every child has a right to claim from its parents. Not merely health, but dispositions, traits, lie within human control far beyond the extent of common recognition. We say that character is formed at fourteen or sixteen, and that training should begin in infancy; but sometimes it seems to me, that when a child is born, the work is done. All the rest is supplementary and subordinate. Subsequent effort has, indeed, much effect, but it cannot change quality. It may modify, but it cannot make anew. After neglect or ignorance may blight fair promise, but no after wisdom can bring bloom for blight. There are many by-laws whose workings we do not understand; but the great, general law is so plain, that wayfaring folk, though fools, need not err therein. Every one sees the unbridled passions of the father or mother raging in the child. Gentleness is born of gentleness, insanity of insanity, truth of truth. Careful and prayerful training may mitigate the innate evil; but how much better that the young life should have sprung to light from seas of love, and purity, and peace! Through God's mercy, the harsh temper, the miserly craving, the fretful discontent may be repressed and soothed; but it is always up-hill work, and never in this world wholly successful. Why be utterly careless in forming, to make conscious life a toilsome and thankless task of reforming? Since there is a time, and there comes no second, when the human being is under human control,—since the tiny infant, once born, is a separate individual, is for all its remaining existence an independent human being, why not bring power to bear where form is amenable to power? Only let all the influences of that sovereign time be heavenly,—and whatever may be true of total depravity, Christ has made such a thing possible,—and there remains no longer the bitter toil of thwarting, but only the pleasant work of cultivating Nature.

It is idle, and worse than idle, to call in question the Providence of God for disaster caused solely by the improvidence of man. The origin of evil may be hidden in the unfathomable obscurity of a distant, undreamed-of past, beyond the scope of mortal vision; but by far the greater part of the evil that we see—which is the only evil for which we are responsible—is the result of palpable violation of Divine laws. Humanity here is as powerful as Divinity. The age of miracles is past. God does not interfere to contravene His own laws. His part in man's creation He long ago defined, and delegated all the rest to the souls that He had made. Man is as able as God to check the destructive tide. And it is mere shirking and shirking and beating the wind, for a people to pray God to mitigate the ill which they continually and unhesitatingly perpetuate and multiply.

The great mistake made by the believers in total depravity is in counting the blood of the covenant of little worth. We admit that in Adam all die; but we are slow to believe that in Christ all can be made alive. We abuse the doctrine. We make it a sort of scapegoat for short-coming. But Christ has made Adamic depravity of no account. He came not alone to pardon sin, but to save people from sinning. Father-love, mother-love, and Christ-love are so mighty that together they can defy Satan, and, in his despite, the soul shall be born into the kingdom of heaven without first passing through the kingdom of hell. And in this way only, I think, will the kingdom of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

"Now Jamie, having set the world right,—you and I, for which the world will be deeply grateful,—let us see what you are about, for you have been suspiciously still lately. What doing, Jamie?"

"Hay-puh!" says Jamie, very red, eager and absorbed, with no intermission of labor.

"Making hasty pudding! Oh, yes! I know what that means. Only taking all the chips and shavings out of the wood-box in the closet and carrying them half across the room by the eminently safe conveyance of his two fat hands, and emptying them into my box of paper, and stirring all together with a curling-stick. That's nothing. Keep on, Jamie, and amuse yourself; but let us hear your geography lesson."

"Where are you going one of these days?"

"Min-nee-so-toh."

"Where is Minnesota?"

Jamie gives a jerk with his arm to the west. He evidently thinks Minnesota is just beyond the hill.

"Where is papa going to buy his horses?"

"Illi-noy."

"And where does Aunt Sarah live?"

"Cog-go."

"What river are you going to sail up to get to Minnesota?"

"Miss-iss-ipp-ee."

"That's a good little boy! He knows ever so much; and here is a peppermint. Open his mouth and shut his eyes, and pop! it goes.

There is, however, a pretty picture on the other side, that Jamie thrusts his iconoclastic fists through quite as unconcernedly; and that is the dignity of human nature. The human being can be trained into a dignified person; but no one thinks. Looking at some honored and honorable man bearing himself loftily through every trial, and wearing his grandeur with an imperial grace, one may be pardoned for the mistake, but it is none the less a mistake, of reckoning the acquirement of an individual as the endowment of the race. Behold human nature unclothed upon with the arts and graces of the schools, if you would discover, not its possibilities, but its attributes. The helplessness of infancy appeals to all that is chivalric and Christian in our hearts; but to dignity it is pre-eminently a stranger. A charming and popular writer—on the whole, I am not sure that it was not my own self—once affirmed that a baby is a beast, and gave great offence thereby; yet it seems to me that no unprejudiced person can observe an infant of tender weeks sprawling and squirming in the bath-tub, and not confess that it looks more like a little pink frog than anything else. And here is Jamie, not only weeks, but months and years old, setting his young affections on candy and dinner, and eating in general with an appalling intensity. It is humiliating to see how easily he is moved by an appeal to his appetite. I blush for my race, remembering the sparkle of his eyes over a dainty dish, and the abandonment of his devotion to it,—the enthusiasm with which his feet spring, and his voice rings through the house, to announce the fact, "Dinnah mo' web-wy! dinnah mo' web-wy!" To the naked eye, he appears to think as much of eating as a cat, or a chicken, or a dog. Reasons and rights he is slow to comprehend; but his conscience is always open to conviction, and his will pliable to a higher law, when a stick of candy is in the case. His bread-and-butter is to him what science was to Newton; and he has been known to reply abstractedly to a question put to him in the heighth of his enjoyment, "Don' talk t' me now!" This is not dignity, surely. Is it total depravity?

What is it that makes his feet so swift to do mischief? He sweeps the floor with the table brush, comes stumbling over the carpet almost chin-deep in a pair of muddy rubber boots, catches up the bird's seed-cup and darts away, spilling it at every step; and the louder I call the faster he runs, half-frightened, half-roguish, till an unmistakable sharpness pierces him, makes him throw down cup and seed together, and fling himself full length on the floor, his little heart all broken. Indeed, he can bear anything but displeasure. He tumbles down twenty times a day, over the crickets, off the chairs, under the table, head first, head last, bump, bump, bump, and never a tear sheds he, though his stern self-control is sometimes quite pitiful to see. But a little slap on his cheek, which is his standing punishment,—not a blow, but a tiny tap that must derive all its efficacy from its moral force,—oh, it stabs him to the heart! He has no power to bear up against it, and goes away by himself, and cries bitterly, sonorously, and towards the last, I suspect, rather ostentatiously. Then he spoils it all by coming out radiant, and boasting that he has "make tear," as if that were an unparalleled feat. If you attempt to chide him, he puts up his plump hand with a repelling gesture, turns away his head in disgust, and ejaculates vehemently, "Don' talk t' me!" After all, however, I do not perceive that he is any more sensitive to reproof than an intelligent and petted dog.

His logical faculty develops itself somewhat capriciously, but is very prompt. He seldom fails to give you a reason, though it is often of the Wordsworthian type,—

"At Kilve there was no weathercock,
And that's the reason why."

"Don' talk t' me!" I little Min-nee-so-toh boy!" as if that were an amnesty proclamation. You invite him to stay with you, and let papa go to Minnesota without him. He shakes his head dubiously, and protests, with solemn earnestness, "Mus' go to Min-nee-so-toh ch'y my fork," which to the world-incrusted mind, seems but an inadequate pretext. I want him to write me a letter when he is gone away; but, after a thoughtful pause, he decides that he cannot, "'cause I got no pen." If he is not in a mood to repeat the verse you ask for, he finds full excuse in the unblushing declaration, "I bashful." He casts shadows on the wall with his wreathing, awkward little fingers, and is perfectly satisfied that they are rabbits, though the mature eye descerns no resemblance to any member of the vertebrate family. He gazes curiously to see me laugh at something I am reading,—"What 'at? my want to see,"—and climbs up to survey the page with wistful eyes; but it is "a' a muddle" to him. He greets me exultantly after absence, because I have "come home pay coot with Jamie;" and there is another secret out: that it is of no use to be sentimental with a child. He loves you in proportion as you are available. His papa and mamma fondly imagine they are dearer to him than any one else, and it would be cruel to disturb that belief; but it would be the height of folly to count yourself amiable because Jamie plants himself firmly against the door, and pleads piteously, "Don' go in 'e parly wite!" He wants you to "pay coot" with him,—that is all. If your breakfast shawl is lying on a chair, it would not be sagacious to attribute an affectionate unselfishness to him in begging leave to "go give Baddy shawl t' keep Baddy back warm." It is only his greediness to enter forbidden ground. Sentiment and sensibility have small lodgement in his soul.

But when Jamie is duly forewarned, he is forearmed. Legally admitted into the parlor to see visitors, he sits on the sofa by his mother's side, silent, upright, prim, his little legs stuck straight out before him in two stiff lines, presenting a full front view of his soles. By the way, I wonder how long grown persons would sit still, if they were obliged to assume this position. But Jamie maintains himself heroically, his active soul subdued to silence, till Nature avenges herself, not merely with a palpable, but a portentious yawn. "You may force me to this unnatural quiet," she seems to say; "but if you expect to prevent me from testifying that I think it intolerably stupid, you have reckoned without your host."

And here Jamie comes out strongly in favor of democracy, universal suffrage, political equality, the Union and the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the rights of man. Uncontaminated by conventional rules, he recognises the human being apart from his worldly state. He is as silent and abashed in the presence of the day-laborer coarsely clad and rough of speech and manners, as in that of the accomplished man of the world, or the daintiest silken-robed lady.

With simple gravity, and never a thought of wrong, he begs the poet, "Pease, Missa Poet, tie up my shoe." He stands in awe before the dignity of the human soul; but dress and rank and reputation receive no homage from him. He is reverent, but to no false gods. The world finds room for kingdoms and empires and oligarchies; but undoubtedly man is born a democrat.

Is there only one Jamie here? Can one little urchin about as high as the table so fill a house with mirth and mischief, so daguerreotype himself in every corner, possess, while claiming nothing, so large a share of the household interest? For he somehow bubbles up everywhere. Not a mischance or a misplacement but can pretty surely be brought home to him. Is a glass broken? Jamie broke it. Is a door open that ought to be shut? Jamie opened it. Or shut that ought to be open? Jamie shut it. Is there a mighty crash in the entry? It is Jamie dropping the crowbar through the side-lights. The "Atlantic" has been missing all the morning.

"Jamie,"—a last, random resort, after fruitless search,—"where is the 'Atlantic Monthly?'"

"In daw."

"In the draw? No, it is not in the drawer. You don't know anything about it."

Not quite so fast. Jamie knows the "Atlantic Monthly" as well as you; and if you will open the drawer for him, he will rapidly scatter its contents till he comes to the missing "Monthly," safe under the shawls where he deposited it.

If you are hanging your room with ground pine, he lays hold of every stray twig, and tucks it into every crack he can reach. Will you have some corn out of the barrel? It is Jamie for balancing himself on the edge, and reaching down into the depths after it till little more than his heels are visible. If, in a sudden exuberance, you make a "cheese,"—not culinary, but *whirligig*,—round go his little bobtail petticoats in fatuous imitation. You walk the floor awhile, lost in day dreaming, to find this little monkey trotting behind you with droll gravity, his hands clasped behind his head, like yours; and he breaks in upon your most serious meditations with, "Baddy get down on floor, want wide on Baddy back," as nonchalantly as if he were asking you to pass the salt. All that he says, all that he does, has its peculiar charm. Not that he is in the least a remarkable child.

"I trust we have within our realme
Five [thousand] as good as hee."

Otherwise what will befall this sketch?

I do not expect anything will ever come of him. In a few years he will be just like everybody else; but now he is the *peculiar* gift of Heaven. Men and women walk and talk all day long, and nobody minds them; while this little ignoramus seldom opens his lips but you think nothing was ever so winsomely spoken. I suspect it is only his complete simplicity and sincerity. What he says and what he does are the direct, unmistakable effusions of his nature. All comes straight from the secret place where his soul abideth. Even his subterfuges are as open as the day. You know that you are looking upon virgin Nature. Just as it flashed from its source, you see the unadulterated spirit. If grown-up persons would or could be as frank as he,—if they had no more misgivings, concealments, self-distrust, self-thought than he,—they would doubtless be as interesting. Every separate human being is a separate phenomenon and mystery; and if he could only be unthinkingly himself, as Jamie is, that self would be as much more captivating as it is become great and subtle by growth and experience. But we—fashion, habit, society, training, all the culture of life, mix a sort of paste, and we gradually become coated with it, and is hardens upon us; so it comes to pass by-and-by that we see our associates no longer, but only the casing in which they walk about; and as one is a good deal like another, we are not deeply fascinated. Sometimes a Thor's hammer breaks this flinty rock in pieces. Sometimes a fervid sun melts it, and you are let in to where the vigilant soul keeps watch and ward. Sometimes, alas! the hardening process seems to have struck in, and you find nothing but petrifaction all the way through.

Perhaps, after all, it is just as well; for, if our neighbors won upon us unawares as Jamie does, when should we ever find time to do anything? On the whole, it is a great deal better as it is, until the world has learned to love its neighbor as itself. For the present, it would not be safe to go abroad with the soul exposed. You fetch me a blow with your bludgeon, and I mind it not at all through my coat-of-mail; but if it had fallen on my heart, it would have wounded me to death. Nay, if you did but know where the sutures are, how you would stab and stab, dear fellow-man and brother, not to say Christian! No, we are not to be trusted with each other yet—I with you, nor you with me; so we will keep our armor on awhile, please Heaven.

And as I think of Jamie frisking through the happy, merry days, I see how sad, unnatural, and wicked a thing it is, that mothers must so often miss the sunshine that ought to come to them through their little ones. We speak of losing children, when they die; but many a mother loses her children, though they play upon her threshold every day. She loses them, because she has no leisure to bask, and loiter, and live in them. She is so occupied in providing for their wants, that she has no time to sun herself in their grace. She snatches from them sweetness enough to keep herself alive, but she does not expand and mellow and ripen in their warmth for all the world. And the hours go by, and the days go by, evening and morning, seedtime and harvest, and the little frocks are outgrown and the little socks outworn, and the little baby—oh! there is no little baby any more, but a boy with the crust formed already on his soul.

I marvel what becomes of these small people in heaven. They cannot stay as they are, for then heaven would be a poorer place than earth, where all but idiots increase in wisdom and stature. And if they keep growing—why, it seems but a sorry exchange, to give up your tender, tiny, clinging infant, that is still almost a part of your own life, and receive in return a full-grown angel a great deal wiser and stronger than you. Perhaps it is only a just punishment for our guilty ignorance and selfishness in treating the little things so harshly, that they die away from us in sheer self-defence. And how good is the All-Father thus to declare for His little ones, when the strife takes too hot, and the odds too heavy against them! We can maltreat them, but only to a certain limit. Beyond that, the lovely, stern angel of Death steps in, and bears them softly away to perpetual peace. I read our vital statistics—so many thousands under five years of age dying each year; and I rejoice in every one. If their chances were fair for purity and happiness, the earth is too beautiful to slip so quickly from their hold; but, with sin and suffering, twin beasts of prey, lying in wait to devour, oh! thrice and four times happy are they who escape swiftly from the struggle in which they are all too sure to fail. So many, at least, are safe within the fold.

And thus, too, it seems providential, that the sin of pagan nations should take the form of infanticide. It is Satanic work, but God overrules it for good. Evil defeats itself, and hatred crowds the lists of love. From misery and wickedness, from stifled cities, overfull, from pagan lands, steeped centuries long in vice and crime, from East and West, and North and South, over all the world, the innocent souls go up,—little lily-buds, swelling white and pure from earthly slime to bloom in heavenly splendor.

Jamie, Jamie do you see birdie has put his head under his wing and gone to sleep? What does that mean? It means "Good night, Jamie." Now come, let us have "Cr-e-e-p, cr-e-e-p, cr-e-e-p!" And two fingers go slowly, measuring Jamie from toe to neck, and Jamie cringes and squirms, and finally screams outright, and almost flings himself upon the floor; but, as soon his spasm is over, begs again, "Say, 'K-e-e-p, k-e-e-p, k-e-e-p!'" and would keep it going longer than I have time to wait.

In this very passion for reiteration may be found a sufficient answer to those uneasy persons who are perpetually attempting to bring new singing-books into our churches, on pretext that people are tired of the old tunes. You never hear from Jamie's pure taste any clamor for new songs or stories. Whenever he climbs up into your lap to be amused, he is sure to ask for the story of "Kitty in Ga'et Window," though he knows it as Boston people know oratorio music, and detects and condemns the slightest departure from the text. And when you have gone through the drama, with all its motions and mewings, he wants nothing so much as "Kitty in Ga'et Window 'gen." Let us keep the old tunes. It is but a factitious need that would change them.

Gentle and friendly reader, I pray your pardon for this childish record. Some things I say of set purpose for your good, and the more you do not like them, the more I know they are the very things you need; and I shall continue to deal them out to you from time to time, as you are able to bear them. But this broken, rambling child-talk—with "a few practical reflections, arising naturally from my subject," as the preachers say—was penned only for your pleasure—and mine; and if you do not like it, I shall be very sorrow, and wish I had never written it. For we might have gone away by ourselves and enjoyed it all alone;—could we not, Jamie, you and I together? Oh, no, no! Never again! Never, never again! for the mountains that rise and the prairies that roll between us. Ah! well, Jamie, I shall not cry about it. If you had stayed here, it would have been but a little while before you would have grown up into a big boy, and then a young fellow, and then a man, and been of no account. So what does it signify? Good night, little Jamie! good night, darling! Do I hear a sleepy echo, as of old, wavering out off the West, "*Good-dak-ing?*"

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—"L'Africaine," this afternoon at one o'clock. (Admission $1.50.) and this evening "Crispino e la Comare" and last act of "Robert le Diable," for the benefit of the French Benevolent Society.

IRVING HALL—First Grand Matinee of the National Conservatory of Music, 2 o'clock, p. m.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—"Lost in London," 8 o'clock, p. m.

WINTER GARDEN—"The Octoroon or Life in Louisiana," 8 o'clock, p. m.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—"Monte Cristo or the Lone Prisoner of the Chateau D'If," 7½ o'clock, p. m.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—"Arrah-na-Pogue," 7½, p. m. (Monday—Forrest as Spartacus in "The Gladiator.")

BROADWAY THEATRE—"Sam," this afternoon at 1½ o'clock, and this evening at 8.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM—Circus Troupe, the domestic drama "Trials of Life or the Momentous Question," Bohemian Glass Blowers, etc. This afternoon at 3 o'clock and this evening at 7½.

NEW YORK CIRCUS (Hippotheatron)—Equestrian performances by Robinson and others, this afternoon at 2 o'clock and this evening at 8.

THE MAYORALTY.

New York stands amazed at what she has just done.

As we ventured to advise, last week, without the slightest prospect that the advice would be followed, she has elected a GENTLEMAN for mayor.

The fact will hardly be credited by her sister cities; but we assure them that it is now a matter of official record.

The name of the gentleman is JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

How he came to be nominated is a profound mystery.

How he came to be elected is little short of a miracle.

Such a thing has not happened before, for more years than we dare to mention.

Gentlemen seemed to have gone entirely out of vogue among us.

Strangers who visited us found the mayor to be the principal curiosity.

His appearance, manners, language, habits, were such as they could have looked for only at Barnum's.

Aldermen, common councilmen, and such like specimens of humanity—as they exist in these parts—they had heard of, and were prepared to meet without being shocked; but our mayors, though equally eccentric, were much less notorious, and affected them as a species of phenomenon.

Let us trust, however, that this state of things has now passed away, and passed away forever.

We may never have gentlemen for common—but now that we have a gentleman for mayor let us hope that the precedent will become firmly established, and that henceforth alike the inhabitants of our noble city and the stranger within our gates may feel that whatever else we are proud of we are proud, at least,—as in the case of a HOFFMAN—of our Chief Magistrate.

We are somewhat alarmed to find by the letter from OLIVE LOGAN that some even of our intelligent readers assume that when we copy an article from another journal, we thereby endorse its sentiments.

Nothing of the kind.

Sometimes we copy articles because they are clever, sometimes because they are not, sometimes because we have no original matter, sometimes for the joke of the thing—and so on.

We don't even endorse our contributors.

We print Miss Logan's articles, for instance, because they are so witty.

She is the wittiest writer—not the most humorous, but decidedly the wittiest—that we know of. We could wish, at times, that her expressions were a little more choice, and her general style a little more chaste, but, for all that, we never dream of altering her manuscript, which is more welcome to us than any that comes to the office.

When her book comes out—"Photographs of Western Life"—we have no doubt that she will obtain instant recognition, on both sides the water, as the most *spirituelle* of all our authors.

Nevertheless, Heaven forbid that we should endorse her opinions, or those of anybody else.

FROM OLIVE LOGAN.

December 5th, 1865.

You disagreeable SATURDAY PRESS:—

How could you be so unkind as to copy, last week, a mean narrow-minded article about "Anthoresses" from that priggish old London SATURDAY REVIEW?

You are very generous, usually, in giving us women-folk a lift into literature, especially through the columns of your bright little journal; but now, it appears, you are taking that devious road sometimes called the "back track;" for by reproducing the Review against us, you endorse the opinion of a most illiberal sheet.

Take my advice, and never endorse anything—not even an opinion.

It don't pay.

And such an opinion, too!

The shallowest arguments that have ever been used, and which were used to death long ago, are here dragged up again, seasoned with high sounding and trashy verbiage, and set forth as a delectable dish to tickle the palate of the Author-male.

Don't think I'm angry, Pasa.

Not the least in the world.

In fact, I never was angry in my life.

I also never told a lie—never did anything to a cherry-tree but eat its fruit—never hauled down the American flag—and never shot any gentleman of my acquaintance for refusing to make me his wife.

Some acts of my life, I know, are open to criticism—such, for instance, as having attended service at the new Puse-eyite church corner of Forty-seventh street and Lexington Avenue.

But you see the nature of my engagements is such that I can't go to places of amusement in the evening, so I fain must seek diversion at other periods.

And in the Puse-eyite fane aforesaid I can find it, and so may you.

But this article has no room to devote to churches.

The Saturday Reviewist is now my man, though, it is true, he may not wear my livery.

Entre nous, dear Pasa, isn't it a fine thing for me that I've such a knowledge of the Drama?

People who are well-read think me very erudite, and people who are *not* well-read, and don't recognise the above little Shakespearian hits as quotations, must be of opinion that I occasionally say some vastly clever things.

The Reviewist begins his article by stating that the generality of women write badly.

This is perfectly true.

The generality of women *do* write badly and so, I may add, do the generality of men.

It is only the particularity, if I may use such a word, who write well, and to this class I regret to see the Reviewist does not belong.

If he did, he surely would not put forth such a silly argument as the one in which he asserts that no person can conceive a fine plot for a novel unless he or she has previously studied that "repository of perfect art" known to the world and to pedantic college-men as "Greek Literature."

But assuming that this is true—that to depict the sufferings of an invalid one must first have studied the Ill-iad—or to show the peculiar idiosyncrasies of an eccentric character one must have plunged deep in the Odd-essy—it is hardly kind to be told that this "treasure-house" is forever closed to woman.

She wants "literary training," and yet, the nature of her education debars her from the study of the best "classical models."

Nor does the writer seem to think that women may make a successful effort to alter this unhappy state of affairs; for, while deploring her ignorance, he evidently deprecates any attempt to lighten the load which bears the writer-woman down.

"Say what one will," (and "one" has said nothing in this case) "it is a misfortune never to have had a chance of reading and digesting Sophocles, or Demosthenes, or Plautus."

O Misericorde! Only to think of having to digest all those old fellows, before one can sit down to write a simple story about a girl's first love, or a man's twentieth ditto!

No, no, Mr. Editor, that writing which touches the heart, springs from the heart and need not be founded on any "Greek models;" on which we must infer this article is founded, since it so upholds their imitation.

Tell me, if the following sentence touches your heart or your risibilities the most?—

"Nor even if the classics, as a means of female training, are to be tabooed, is it so certain that the ordinary female curriculum might not be infinitely improved."

Goodness gracious! Mr. Punch, what on earth is a "famale curriculum?"

I've cudgelled my brain for an hour and I can't think.

I know it isn't anything to eat, because if it were, it wouldn't be exclusively female.

If it were something to drink, it perhaps *would* be exclusively male.

But, Oh, dear Press! if it is anything to wear, (especially anything new in the shape of bonnets—do let me know and I'll buy one immediately.

Is the "female curriculum" anything bearing analogy to the equine curry-combiam?

What do they do with it?

If you don't know, please ask Bulwer.

But our writer confesses that women do understand something about character, though he qualifies the admission by asserting that they (meaning we) are "often miraculously right," but "oftener astoundingly wrong."

Passing over these Round Tableian adjectives, we come to the surprisingly, marvellously, unheard-of-ly asseveration, that the female novelist "remembers what the gentleman who was introdueed to her was doing to his watch-chain while he talked, and wonders why on earth he did it, and goes on to consider what a gentleman who fiddles with his watch-chain must be like at heart?"

Of course, I am not going to deny any of this.

A gentleman who performs the extraordinary feat of "fiddling" with his watch-chain, and even pushes his musical proclivities so far as to "bass-viol" on his pocket-handkerchief, gives, by these actions, an unfailing clue to his heart and mind.

But how about the gentleman who has no watch-chain, and very little pocket-handkerchief, and in whom the slight glimpse of seen shirt-collar suggests, but does not always establish, the existence of the entire garment, beneath the friendly, hiding, closely-buttoned coat?

To this impecunious class, let us hope, our seventh-day Reviewer does not belong.

If he received two or three guineas for his article, there is no necessity for his being shirtless, hatless or handkerchiefless; that he is not altogether senseless is proved by this grain of truth hidden in hs five columns of chaff:—"The enemy of mankind takes different forms."

Could anything be more veracious than this, and is it not all too clear in what shape he shows himself to the present absent writer?

To be thought erudite—to "pitch into" anything which can't very well pitch back—to "cut up" and "slash into" the literary body—to be an editorial sawbones—to "give fits" to prominent people whose radiance extends even to their detractors—to write a readable article and get a few guineas for it—surely "plays the devil" with the Saturday Review.

Don't you think so too, and, while we are on the subject, aren't you glad Hoffman is elected?

Yours, somewhat savagely,

Olive Logan.

The readers' attention is called to the advertisement in another column of M'me. Ledernier's two Readings, to be given on the 12th and 18th instant, at Clinton Hall. Mme. Ledernier has read with marked acceptance here and abroad, and brings from London and Paris, testimonials from both private and public sources, of the most flattering kind.

(For the Saturday Press.)

"PERSEVERE."

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

Robert the Bruce in his dungeon stood,
  Waiting the hour of doom;
Behind him—the Palace of Holyrood,
  Before him—a nameless tomb.
And the foam on his lip was flecked with red,
As away to the past his memory sped,
Upcalling the day of his great renown
When he won, and he wore, the Scottish crown:
  Yet come there shadow, or come there shine,
  The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

"I have sat on the royal seat of Scone,"
  He muttered, below his breath,
"It's a luckless change, from a Kingly throne
  To a felon's shameful death:"
And he clenched his hands in his sad despair,
And he struck at the shapes that were gathering there,
Pacing his cell in impatient rage
As a new caught lion paces his cage:
  But come there shadow, or come there shine,
  The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

"Oh, were it my fate to yield up life
  At the head of my liegemen all,
In the foremost shock of the battle-strife
  Breaking my country's thrall,
I'd welcome death from the foeman's steel,
Breathing a prayer for old Scotland's weal;
But here, where no pitying heart is nigh,
By a loathsome hand, it is hard to die:"
  Yet come there shadow, or come there shine,
  The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

"Time and again I have fronted the pride
  Of the tyrants vast array,
But only to see, on the crimson tide,
  My hopes swept far away.
Now a landless chief, and a crownless King
On the broad broad earth, not a living thing
To keep me court, save yon insect small
Striving to reach from wall to wall:"
  For come there shadow, or come there shine,
  The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

"Work! work like a fool, as I have done,
  To the loss of your time and pain,
The space is too wide to be bridged across
  You but waste your strength in vain."
And Bruce, for the moment, forgot his grief,
His soul now filled with the same belief,
That howsoever the issue went
For evil or good was the omen sent:
  And come there shadow, or come there shine,
  The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

As a gambler watches the turning card
  On which his all is staked;
As a mother waits for the hopeful word,
  For which her soul has ached;
It was thus Bruce watched, with every sense
Centred alone in that look intense;
All rigid he stood with unuttered breath,
Now white, now red, but as still as death:
  Yet come there shadow, or come there shine,
  The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

Six several times the creature tried,
  When at the seventh, "See see!
He has spanned it over," the captive cried,
  "Lo! a bridge of hope to me:
Thee, God, I thank for this lesson here
Has tutored my soul—to Perseverance!"
And it served him well, for ere long he wore
In freedom the Scottish crown once more:
  And come there shadow, or come there shine,
  The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

About as nice a little Christmas or New Year's present as we can think of (aside from a year's subscription to The Saturday Press) is one of those charming little oil-paintings known as the "Ruggles Gems." We have seen two or three of them, no bigger than your hand, which we would hardly exchange for the mammoth paintings of Church or Bierstadt.

The Round Table came out larger than usual recently, but has returned to its original proportions. It appears to be a sort of Extension Table, though adapted not so much to the dining-room as to the nursery. We are told, by the way, that the device of the R. T. was originally to have been as follows:

Though mice will never grow to rats,
Kittens sometimes grow to cats.

But why not have named the paper The Kitten at the start, with the promise to change it, after a due interval of growth, to The Cat? It is more like a small cat now, than anything else, and if it could only scratch a little harder would do considerable mischief.

John G. Saxe has a new volume nearly ready for the press, to be entitled "The Masquerade and Other Poems."

"Mark Twain" is the *nom de plume* of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, of San Francisco, who has long stood at the head of the humorous writers on the California press, and now bids fair to occupy the same position on the press of New York.

Subscriptions to the new volume of Our Young Folks—the best juvenile paper ever published in this country—may be sent to Mr. B. H. Ticknor, No. 823 Broadway, who is also agent for The Atlantic Monthly, the North American Review (quarterly) and all the other publications of Ticknor & Fields.

Our Dramatic Feuilletonist—"C. B. S."—will resume his entertaining articles next week "Figaro" threatens to commence, at the same time, a series of papers on "Matters in General." The people who want to bury "Figaro" not to praise him are in quite a state of mind about it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Richard Cobden, the Apostle of Free Trade. His political Career and Public Services. A Biography. By John McGilchrist: author of "The Life of Lord Dundonald," "Men who have Made Themselves," etc. 12mo. pp 304. Harper & Brothers, 1865.

Notes from Plymouth Pulpit: a collection of Memorable Passages from the Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. With a sketch of Mr. Beecher and the Lecture Room. By Augusta Moore. New edition, revised and greatly enlarged, 12mo. pp 374. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1865.

Miss Carew. A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," "The Ladder of Life," "My Brother's Wife," etc. 8vo. paper, pp 141. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1865.

The Fly. By Theodore Tilton. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1865.

Dotty Dimple. By Sophia May. 12mo. pp 176. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Fairy Book. By Sophia May. 12mo. pp 178. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Yankee Middy, or the Adventures of a Naval Officer. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic, author of Rich and Humble, In School and Out, etc., etc. 12mo. pp 382. Boston, Lee & Shepard, 1865.

Two men "From Richmond to Paris" passed,

"The Merrycoes" to defraud;

But "Miles O'Reilly, Mavourneen, Speak"

The "Minister's Wooing" decried,

So all the "Southern Colony" folk

"Blow Hot, blow Cold"—and not.

THE BALLAD INFLICTION.

It is bound to come! There is no help for it. I smell it afar off—I see the signs in the air! Every day and every hour of every day I grow more and more nervous, for with every

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George I

Young

the drill-room, the former rate it off, they trundled their engine home, from sundry

and some have gone the old round of rest at Gravesend, where the waters cease from troubling, and the popular songs are allowed. For the space of four years the people have been happy.

But as I had said before, it is bound to come! *Arrah-na-Pogue* is breeding a song that will bedeck whole mountain with new-made graves! In another week we shall be "Wearing of the Green," and in a fortnight some will be wearing of the black in consequence. These repetitions of this song will produce lunacy, and five will kill—it is that much more virulent than its predecessors. People are willing to hear it (once), but when they get it hollered they will find it potent for harm. It is Planquette's song. He sings it in *Arrah-na-Pogue*, with a sprig of shamrock in his hat. Whitelaw sings it with exaggerated solemnity as "Sullivan" and

long for the

and ever

on one's heart like a cold

time

slow

sentence, and then dying of old

lessons of "Wearing of the Green." But it is bound to come, and we must bow our heads and submit with such degree of Christian resignation as we are able to command.

Territorial Enterprise

From the San Francisco

the late earthquake, in

that "the world

comes out for the

Push with

The

And when

His

ON THE MEDICINAL EFFECTS OF LAZINESS.

"O ma quando qui in episcopi? quandoque lupus

Here often when called to consult a physician and description by the practical impossibility of getting up at his convenience. "I never regular hours," says the doctor

at eleven; drink a few glasses of really

always on your dinner; and take this

than I am going to give you there

man who has work to do in the world

ble of being delivered. How to a

bed at eleven who has to turn out

and have been horribly

it? As for those

sleepy" drunkard whose

himself by habitually

even if he gives the price. And

your career for a while,

your way. And what are the causes of this? We answer boldly, the penny-post, the railways, and the press—commonly called the three great marks of modern civilisation, in our eyes the three great sources of modern disquietude, from fidgets to downright madness, from dyspepsia to congestion of the brain.

Oh, George Eliot! what a charming picture you have drawn for us of "Old Leisure," the happy old gentleman of the eighteenth century, who went out before the march of progress like the stately Red Indian before the debauched and ruffianly pioneers of European culture. Here is his portrait:—

"Old Leisure was quite a different personage: he only read one newspaper innocent of leaders, and was free from that periodicity of sensations which we call post time. He was a contemplative, rather stout gentleman, of excellent digestion, of quiet perceptions; undiseased by hypothesis, happy in his inability to know the causes of things, preferring the things themselves. He lived chiefly in the country among pleasant seats and homesteads, and was fond of sauntering by the fruit-tree wall and scenting the apricots when they were warmed by the morning sunshine; or of sheltering himself under the orchard boughs at noon when the summer pears were falling. He knew nothing of week-day services, and thought none the worse of the Sunday sermon if it allowed him to sleep from the text to the blessing—liking the afternoon service best, because the prayers were the shortest, and not ashamed to say so—for he had an easy, jolly conscience, broadbacked like himself, and able to carry a great deal of beer or port wine—not being made squeamish by doubts, and qualms, and lofty aspirations."

"Hos utinam inter,
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset!"

But to business. The medicinal effects of laziness! Well, there is no doubt about what they are, provided you get the real medicine. To allow either mind or body, or both, to lie fallow for a season is the best possible way to get a good crop of work out of it another season. No one needs to be instructed on the obvious advantages of repose; but with a human being, even supposing him to be placed by some happy accident beyond the reach of those modern abominations which murdered our revered friend "Old Leisure," and destroy the possibility, as a rule, of laziness in the nineteenth century; supposing him, we say, to be placed beyond the influence of these disgusting inventions, still his condition will not be one of torpor. We do not mean by laziness the laziness of the hybernating animals, of the bear sucking his paws or the swallow dozing beneath the stump of an old willow. No: we presume our lazy patient to have his faculties about him, and to use them, when they call upon him to be used, instead of his calling upon them. When we reflect on this statement calmly, we shall see what immense doses of strengthening medicine, both intellectual and moral, it is open to a lazy man to imbibe without any effort on his own part. Who, for instance, but a thoroughly lazy man ever makes an intimate acquaintance with the beauties of nature? Banish from your mind for three months the bank, and the brief, and the surgery, and the House of Commons, and the vestry, and just see how keenly alive you will become to the differential characteristics of weeds, flowers, foliage, hill, dale, and hedgerow, meadow, cornfield, and pasture, brook, river, or sea. A man whose mind is at work on other things, passes these by with a transient sensation that they are very beautiful, and that is all. But the truly lazy man, whose moral pores are open, finds them gradually enforcing themselves into him, and creating a kind of life within his life which is as wonderful and delicious to him as her first child is to a woman.

Then, again, consider the magnificent generalizations which a man is able to make while perfectly lazy, and totally unable to test the value of his reflections by reference to books. The majority may be utterly baseless; but one may turn up trumps. And in the turmoil of business, he would never have made even that one. The sect of Eastern philosophers who sat in a circle, doing nothing but looking at their own stomachs, had probably gone deep into the mysteries of existence if they had only been able to communicate their reflections to the world. Laziness, indeed, once created a religion—a whole religion, if the poet Wordsworth, himself not wholly unconscious of the charms of the seductive goddess, is to be fully trusted. Who is ignorant of those deathless lines:

"In that fair clime the lonely herdsman stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose:
And in some fit of weariness if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched
E'en from the blazing chariot of the sun
A beardless youth who touched a golden lyre,
And filled the illuminated groves with ravishment."

Yes; to the lazy are vouchsafed revelations which are withheld from the busy and laborious. Nature is beneficent both to the just and to the unjust; and the lazy man, whatever may befall him hereafter, has undoubtedly his special privileges here.

Furthermore, is it not true that during long fits of laziness, men get an insight into themselves which they would never obtain under other circumstances? And is not that a medicine of the highest value? The man "lazily puffing" at his pipe or his cigar, as he sits upon a stile, or lounges on the green-sward, or leans over the pier at Seagate alone, mind—otherwise, although we may love him, he is no officer of ours for present purposes—has opportunities, if he only knew how to use them, which may make or mar his future life. Recollect, however, that he must be perfectly lazy. The flashes of self-knowledge which dart across his inner consciousness (heaven help us!) as such moments will do him no good if chased by grim phantoms of reality in hot and close pursuit. But if he *is* perfectly lazy, such moments may change a man's career—*Fiet de rhetore consul*, or *fiet de consule rhetor*, as the case may be. He may see the folly of his past life, the wisdom of past resolutions which he has not had the constancy to keep, or the absurdity of ambitious dreams which till then had been his master. Or he may, on the other hand, derive new courage from the retrospect; may learn to say to himself with renewed confidence, this right hand has done so much hitherto by the sheer force of will and unswerving self-reliance, why should I faint or look back now? But again we say a man must have his mind disencumbered from all cares, for the moment at least, to glean the full benefit that is to be gained from such reflections. Laziness, indolence (swinish vices, if turned to a wrong end), you may turn out the greatest conceivable blessings to him who can use you aright. How well Sir Walter Scott has hit off this truth in the description of Edward Waverley's compulsory idleness on the banks of Ullswater, where he learned the lesson of life for the first time, and saw, as in a mirror, what it behoved him to do to be a useful and honored member of the society to which he belonged.

The mental and moral medicine which may be distilled from laziness is then of such and such a kind. Its effects upon the body scarcely require to be described. It is to be observed, that a lazy man always has a good appetite; for laziness, recollect, is something distinct from idleness; it may perhaps be defined an unconscious idleness. The man who is idle, and knows that he is idle, however much he may be entitled to his relaxation, still sees within the recesses of his own mind the mute, perhaps half-reproachful phantom of the work he has abandoned. If his idleness be compulsory idleness, of course the case is still worse. To be truly lazy, the patient must have no sense of obligations upon him either present or future; he must not only have made up his mind to do nothing, but must have forgotten for the moment that there is anything anywhere to be done. A man in this state of mind sleeps the happy sleep of a child or a dog, and eats and drinks in the same healthy and natural fashion. But anything short of this complete self-emancipation from all care, all work, and almost all memory, will produce just the opposite effect. It is not an uncommon thing to hear men say that they are never quite well when they are idle; that they feel indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, languor, and what not. This is because they are only idle, not lazy. Their brains and their hands have ceased to work; but no *moral* change has come over them. The idleness in which most men indulge is but a temporary change of habits. The idleness which is laziness involves a temporary change of character. We once heard a man say that the greatest triumph that could be achieved in dancing a quadrille, was not only to be able to say nothing to your partner with perfect satisfaction to yourself, but also to be able to look as if you wanted to say nothing. So in laziness; it must be complete all round. You must not only be able to abstain from work cheerfully, you must be in such a state as to convey to all who see you that you never even heard of work; that you are a good-for-nothing fellow, supported, perhaps, by the bounty of your relations; a man of whom people say, "The great hulking lazy fellow, I'd let him go to the workhouse before *I'd* keep him." When you have once attained to that pitch of perfection in the art of doing nothing, you are entitled to call yourself lazy and may expect all the benefits we have predicted from that estate, but not till then. Is not what we say borne out even by medical statistics? In the eighteenth century, when good "Old Leisure" was king, was not indigestion an almost unknown malady in spite of the beer, port, punch, beef, plum-pudding, late suppers, and heavy breakfasts in which his subjects revelled? The fell demon of dyspep

and dyspepsia, and madness, and debility are the doom of all those who pass within those fatal portals. The increase of madness in the present age is an admitted fact; and as for the digestive organs, what man of our own generation can now drink his three bottles of port, or sling well off the food that satisfied our grandfathers? People talk of the longevity of the present day. Yes, but they forget that he who is eighty to-day had reached maturity manhood more than fifty years ago, and had passed all those years during which the constitution is being formed under a far different system of life.

It is rather a melancholy reflection, we must confess, when one is even in the most commonplace frame of mind, that we are so tightly bound as we are by the fetters of worldly business. We find that we are every day "losing the good of life." Was not the bare-footed friar, is not the modern gipsy, really better off than we are? Money, and houses, and land, credit, fame, and power are in themselves nothing, less than nothing, literally, if you can be happy without them. Is not the shepherd of twenty, in rude health, and as he often is a model of manly beauty, wandering almost barefooted and ragged though he be, under the shelter of a rude hide, piping or talking over his heath, and his pipe afterwards as happy as any lord, making love to as many of the Graces as Grosvenor? Of course he is not. What? Because he is poor. Just so. Just so. Now the poor truth is, that we are not happy by halves, and that

---

THE HEART'S REST.

The wind is idly playing
With the locks, with its coldness flowing,
Intriguing against bleakness;
But night o'er nature comes stealing,
And the wind will die on the hill—
Cold Winter's lie congealing,
Will hush the song of the rill.

My heart, like the wind, is moaning;
The day seems heavy and long,
And memory's voice is droning
Its sad, melancholy song.

But heart, thou shalt rest at even,
And memory's voice shall cease—
For the weary find rest in Heaven,
And the troubled shall be at peace.

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MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 11th, at 7½ o'clock.
TWENTY-THIRD SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT,
L'AFRICAINE.
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(LAST SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.)
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CRISPINO E LA COMARE.
[The Cobbler and the Fairy.]
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On SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 16th,
FAREWELL MATINEE, AND CLOSE OF THE SEASON.
Reserved seats and tickets for any of the above-named performances may now be had at all the ticket-offices.

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SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 9th, 1865,
for the last time of the season, previous to the departure of the opera troupe for Boston,
CRISPINO E LA COMARE.
(THE COBBLER AND THE FAIRY.)
with the third act of Meyerbeer's grand opera,
ROBERT LE DIABLE,

Seats may be secured at the inside ticket offices of the Academy of Music, and at Beer & Schirmer's, No. 701 Broadway; Schuberth & Co.'s, No. 630 Broadway; Root, Anthony & Co.'s No. 21 Nassau street.

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This SATURDAY Evening, Dec 9th, 1865,
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THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, DEC. 9,
LOST
IN
LONDON.

Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

The Manager begs respectfully to call public attention to the following notice, by one of the most accomplished critics of the city:

New York Tribune, Thursday, Dec. 7, 1865.

"'Lost in London'—which bids fair to keep the stage of Wallack's Theatre for many nights to come—should have a large audience to-night. The objections which we have made to this play, on the score of taste, have—in quarters where its merits and ingenuity are prevalent and controlling motives—been wrested into objections to its moral teachings. This has been done with the design (happily impotent!) of causing injury to the theatre in which this piece is now enjoying so successful a run. We take occasion, therefore, to say that the moral lesson that is taught by 'Lost in London,' is wholly unexceptionable. Regarded with a view to what it teaches, the drama merits the warmest possible commendation. Whether that lesson of conjugal fidelity needs to be taught, and whether the incidents of the teaching be in good taste, are questions concerning which opinions will differ. Our own views hereupon have been distinctly stated; but we should be sorry to have any intelligent person deceived by perversion and misrepresentation of our judgments. Such perversion and misrepresentation are to be expected so long as the profession of journalism is disgraced by persons who have neither honor, delicacy, nor decency of mind, but are solely actuated by low, malignant cunning in the pursuit of mercenary aims. They cannot, of course, injure the theatres, for the reason that theatrical success in this city, when really deserved, is neither made nor marred by the press; but they may temporarily deceive occasional readers, and we, therefore, advert to them here as journalistic practices of recent growth, against which the public should be formally warned."

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MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 18,
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